

THE KNEELING CAMEL

*And Other Poems*

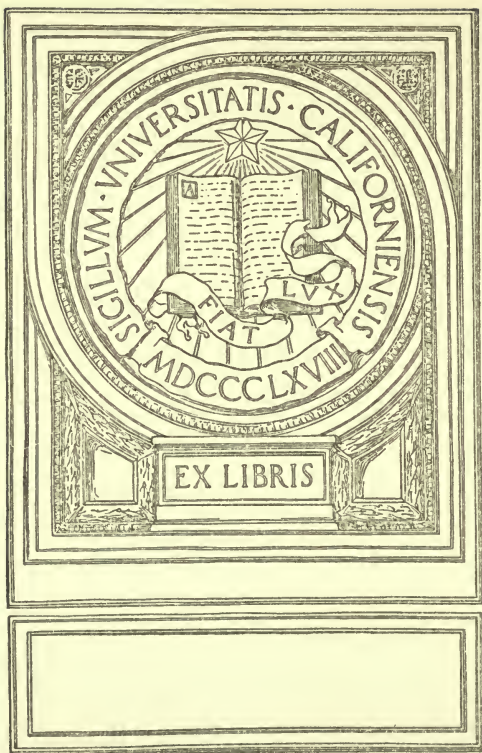
*By*

ANNA TEMPLE

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# THE KNEELING CAMEL

*and Other Poems*

By  
Anna Temple



NEW YORK  
MOFFAT, YARD & COMPANY  
1920

UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA

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TO MIND  
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MAIN

## DEDICATION

I would this little book of verse might be

My stained-glass window, given in memory

Of my beloved, who are gone—not dead—

But simply into higher pastures led.

And should one look to see

What manner of design my glass may be,

Let it be said

The white-robed saints are here—oft vexed and tried—

And the Good Shepherd standing at their side.



Acknowledgment and thanks are due to the editors of the following papers for their kindly permission to re-print these poems. *The New York Observer* and *The Evangelist*—now combined in *The Christian Work; Faith and Works*, a small paper published formerly in the interest of the Philadelphia Y. W. C. A.; *Lights and Shadows*, published formerly in the interests of the Philadelphia Home for Incurables; *The Youth's Companion*; *Wide Awake*; *The Outlook*; *The Pilgrim Visitor*; *The Advocate and Guardian*, published in the interests of The Home for the Friendless, New York; and *The Sunday School Times*, my long-time friend

A. T.



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**THE KNEELING CAMEL  
AND OTHER POEMS**







### The Kneeling Camel.

The camel at the close of day  
Kneels down upon the sandy plain  
To have his burden lifted off,  
And rest to gain.

My soul, thou too shouldst to thy knees  
When daylight draweth to a close,  
And let thy Master lift thy load,  
And grant repose.

Else how canst thou tomorrow meet,  
With all tomorrow's work to do,  
If thou thy burden all the night  
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day  
To have his guide replace his load;  
Then rises up anew to take  
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn,  
That God may give the daily care;  
Assured that He no load too great  
Will make thee bear.

Broken Things.

But broken pitchers bearing light,  
    Yet Gideon's host triumphant sang;  
And through the stillness of the camp  
    Their shouts of victory rang.

A shipwreck, and but broken spars  
    All tossed upon an angry main;  
Yet one of them enabled Paul  
    Melita's coast to gain.

A broken Body on a cross,  
    A wound, whence blood and water flow;  
And every fettered child of sin  
    Might full deliv'rance know.

And in that feast of memory  
    The broken bread, the poured-out wine,  
In silent manner speak to us  
    About the love divine.

How dear to God are broken things,  
What power in His hand they gain;  
Then trust Him with your broken hopes,  
And bodies racked with pain.

### Faith's Song.

Thus come our doubts, like some great bank  
at sea

Of fog through which we cannot penetrate,  
Nor see the dangers that around us wait;  
'Tis then that Faith must sing, "He leadeth  
me."

And she has sung it; loud, and full, and clear  
Her voice went outwards o'er the billow's  
foam;

And those upon the vessel bound for home  
Rejoiced to hear her sing "Our God is near."

O Faith, stay by me till I reach the shore,  
Till in the realms of day this darksome night  
Shall be a thing that's past, and faith be  
sight;

Till I shall need thy guiding hand no more.

“As An Eagle.”

The eagle, o'er her young presiding,  
Stirs up their quiet rest;  
Breaks in upon their sure confiding  
Within their rock-built nest;  
And taking them upon her wings,  
She bears aloft those vexéd things.

One moment on her pinions keeping  
The eaglets weak and small;  
The next, she turns, and downward sweeping  
Though helpless leaves them all  
To battle, and to try their wings,  
And make themselves not helpless things.

She leaves them, but she still is eyeing  
Their progress, weak and slow;  
And when one falters in its flying,  
The mother-bird doth know;

And quickly on her outstretched wings  
She takes again those tired things.

O soul, the Lord thy faith is trying  
When He stirs up thy rest;  
And He would ever have thee flying  
Toward what is good and best:  
If thou shouldst falter His strong wing  
Is underneath thee, faithless thing.

(Deut. 32:11, 12)

### My Right-Hand Load.

In my right hand I clasp tomorrow's grief,  
And in my left is held the present woe;  
No other hand have I wherewith to grasp  
The needed strength, and wearily I go  
Weighed down by these two loads, and aching  
sore,

And sore dismayed because no help I see;  
And sore perplexed, because my greater load  
Doth make me lean and walk unevenly.

I lean toward my right—tomorrow's load  
Is so much greater than the present grief;  
But lo, at last for my right hand I find

A wondrous strength, a marvelous relief.  
God takes this right-hand load, I need not hold  
Tomorrow's woe, and now my hand is free  
To grasp the strength I need so much today,—  
I grasp it, Jesus, when I cling to Thee.

(Isaiah 41:13)



His Will.

How shall I know His will concerning me?

Shall I look forward to some future lot  
And count the coming days

(Which may be not),

As though some love should fill

Those days with revelations of His will?

How shall I know His will concerning me?

Shall I look backward to the distant years,  
And try to understand,

Through blinding tears,

With what those days were filled?

'Twould be to know I hindered all He willed.

*How* shall I know His will concerning me?

I will look steadfastly at present days;  
If grieving I will trust,

If joyous praise:  
Each day I know He fills  
With work for Him: what *is* is what He  
wills.

On His Hands.

Two marks are graven on His hands  
Which time shall ne'er efface;  
One is myself, my sinful self,  
And one the sign of grace.

The nail-marks still are on His hands,  
The marks of Calv'ry's tree;  
It was my sin that put them there,  
It was my sin—and me.

My name is written on His hands,  
My name—who put it there  
Along with that dark signature  
That I have made Him wear?

He wrote my name upon His hands,  
And thus the seal was set  
To all that covenant of love  
Which neither can forget.

I fix my gaze upon His hands,  
And think of Calvary;  
He sees what He has written there,  
And then remembers me.

(Isaiah 49:16)

### Duty.

I held a flower in my hand;  
    'Twas night, I could not see;  
And judging from the perfume thought  
    The flower must ugly be.  
But when the morning came and light  
    With its transforming power,  
I did forget all else beside  
    The beauty of the flower.

God placed a duty in my hand:  
    Before mine eyes could see  
Its rightful form that duty seemed  
    A bitter thing to me.  
The Sun of Glory rose and shone;  
    Then duty I forgot,  
And knew with what a privilege  
    The Lord had blessed my lot.

### Thy Given Task.

The present moment is divinely sent,

The present duty is Thy Master's will;  
Oh, thou who longest for some noble work,

Do thou this hour thy given task fulfil;  
And thou shalt find, though small at first it  
seemed,

It is the work of which thou oft hast  
dreamed.

Oh, think not, if thou art not called to work  
In mission fields of some far-distant clime,  
That thine is no *grand* mission. Every deed  
That comes to thee in God's allotted time  
Is just the greatest deed that thine could be,  
Since God's high will appointed it for  
thee.

Two Faces.

I saw two faces; both were crowned  
With whitened hair;  
And one unpleasing was to see,  
And one was fair.

I questioned Wisdom of the cause,  
And she replied:  
That sin within one heart had lived,  
In one had died.

### God's Promises.

As some dear friend, who knew thy straitened  
case,

By letter or by hand should send to thee  
A gift for that amount that met thy need,  
And raised thee out of want and poverty;  
So God has sent thee gracious promises,  
Which thou before His throne in faith canst  
plead

When pressed by any ill or sore distress,  
And find sufficient for thine utmost need.

Oh, foolish wert thou, then, through any doubt  
To linger still in want and poverty,  
When but to claim some promise as thine own  
Would bring such boundless wealth and joy  
to thee.



My Master's Order.

“Go work and pray”;  
That was His order yesterday;  
And should I dare to disobey?

Now His command  
Is wholly changed; He bids me stand  
Aside, and watch His working hand.

Today His will  
Is spoken in these words, “Lie still”;  
And shall I not His wish fulfil?

“Lie still—and pray”;  
That is my Lord's command today:  
And I will do His work His way.

“Eternal, Unchangeable.”

God liveth,  
All is well;  
God dieth never.  
Then over death and hell  
I triumph ever.

God seeth  
Night and day;  
God sleepeth never.  
Then all my pilgrim way  
God watcheth ever.

God loveth.  
I can prove  
God loveth ever.  
Then nothing from His love  
My soul shall sever.

In Sorrow's Hour.

Men faithless slept  
When Jesus wept  
In agony.

And let His cry  
Unheard go by  
In His Gethsemane.

But when men weep  
God does not sleep;  
He stoops to see  
Each falling tear,  
Each sigh to hear  
In their Gethsemane.

The Making of the Flute.

A branch lay broken on the grass  
While winds played o'er it and around;  
And birds sang sweetly in the trees,  
And crickets chirped upon the ground:  
All voiceless lay the dying wood  
Though bathed in sound.

But one drew near who saw it lie,  
Storm-stricken from the parent tree;  
With fibres torn and edges rough,  
And leaves all hanging listlessly;  
He lifted it, exclaiming—"This  
My flute shall be."

Then down he sat beneath the trees,  
And trimmed with knife the edges  
rough;

And marked and measured width and  
length,

The straggling fibres cutting off:  
Until his eye in wisdom saw  
It was enough.

And all day long he pierced and cut,  
And polished while the hot sun shone;  
But when it sank beneath the hills,  
And all his work at last was done,  
He breathed an air through his new flute  
Of sweetest tone.

Like silent wood, O tuneless soul,  
O fallen, helpless, voiceless thing,  
You need the artist touch of One  
Who sweetest melody can bring  
From tuneless souls, although He pierce  
To make you sing.

An Evening Revery.

Bare twigs, brown earth, and far off pink-  
tinged sky,

And faintest blue, of evening's shaded dye,—  
Oh, what a picture for an artist's eye.

The leafless twigs point heavenward, and  
they

Do seem to touch the glow of closing day,—  
What a fine subject for a poet's lay.

The dead, brown earth is bathed in sunset's  
glow,

As grace doth cover human sin and woe,—  
What a great truth for every man to know.

### The Chimes.

The quarter hour chimes, like some young life  
Whose tender melody  
Has just begun;  
Not till the hour is done  
Can we know fully what the tune shall be.

The half-hour sounds, an added chord is  
played;  
Yet the melodious tone,  
Though rich and sweet,  
Is still all incomplete,—  
Like infancy when but to boyhood grown.

Three chimes play next, the time is wearing on,  
The tune is much more clear:  
I now can see  
What the last note shall be,  
As manhood ripe in goodness doth appear.

Four chimes, the tune is done. Soft, sweet,  
and low

Sounds forth the final chord.

I think I see

An old man patiently

Await the coming summons of his Lord.

The hour strikes; to an eternal rest

The summons comes at last.

And every chime

Has sounded in its time,

And age itself forevermore is past.



### Unused Power.

When Christ to His disciples gave the power  
To heal the sick, and cleanse all leprous men,  
And bring the dead once more to life again,  
And cast the devils forth, that very hour  
Was Judas with them; unto him was given  
As well as unto Peter or to John,  
That grace which should its victories have  
won

In every time of need, through help of heaven.  
How came it, then, that he to whom such  
strength

Was granted that he surely might have cast  
The devil from himself, was led at last  
To follow Satan to so great a length?  
It must be that in dark temptation's hour  
He simply left unused God-given power.

(Matt. 10:1-5)

### What God Forgets.

In ignorance I thought,

In silly fear, and foolishness, and dread,—

“God doth remember all the sins I wrought,

And doth forget how needy is my lot.”

But lo, instead,

When I His message read

I found it was my need on which He thought,

My sins that He, because of Christ, forgot.

### Coming Home.

My ship is coming home; beside the breakers  
That roll incessantly,  
I catch the flutter in the evening twilight  
Of sails across the sea.

And as I watch them drawing near and nearer,  
With onward course and straight,  
I wonder if the angels with such pleasure  
For souls immortal wait.

Oh, do they stand there at the port of heaven  
In high expectancy,  
Ready to hail each home-returning vessel  
That comes across life's sea?

What pleasure, then, in sunset's glow and  
beauty

With drooping sails to come,  
And hear those angels singing in the harbor  
"Welcome, oh, welcome home."

“In Jeopardy.”

Through all the storm that swept the sky,  
And lashed the fretted sea,  
And caused the little ship to ride  
“In jeopardy,”  
The Master slept; nor roar of winds,  
Nor anger of the deep,  
Nor rocking of the boat disturbed  
His peaceful sleep.

But when in terror and distress  
His children to Him came,  
And in their trouble called for help  
Upon His name,  
He woke whom storms had wakened not;  
Above the raging sea  
He heard the voice of them that cried  
“In jeopardy.”

(Luke 8:22-24)

### The Better Song.

O angels, sing your glorious songs of praise,

Ye spirits blessed, with never taint of sin;

I cannot voice the anthems that ye raise;

My lips are dumb, for when I would begin  
To whisper forth some worthy melody,  
I falter, thinking of the sin in me.

O angels, silence; cease your rapturous song!

Ye cannot sing as now my soul can sing.

Your lips must falter, dumb must be your  
tongue,

When at the footstool of our glorious King  
My ransomed soul doth tell of sins forgiven,  
And makes her song of praise fill earth and  
heaven.

“Until He Find.”

O tender shepherd, climbing rugged mountains,  
And wading waters deep,  
How long wouldst thou be willing to go homeless  
To find a straying sheep?

“I count no time,” the shepherd gently answered,

“As thou dost count and bind  
The days in weeks, the weeks in months; my  
counting  
Is just—until I find.

“And that would be the limit of my journey.

I’d cross the waters deep,  
And climb the hillsides with unfailing patience,  
Until I found my sheep.”

(Luke 15: 4)

I Never Knew.

I never knew how very far from home  
My wandering feet had strayed,  
Until I saw  
The wounds my Shepherd bore,—  
Wounds which His thorny search for  
me had made.

I never knew within that sheltered home  
How good it was to be,  
Till, tired out  
With wandering and doubt,  
Back to His fold my Shepherd carried  
me.

The Sea's Lament.

“Why mournest thou all day, thou mighty  
deep?”

I said inquiringly.

The waves drew back in wonder and surprise,

In sheer amazement did they fall and rise,

To think that such as I

Should dare to ask the sorrow of the sea.

And so I stood alone upon the beach

With question unreplied.

Until it seemed in friendliness for me

Those waves came forth again from out the  
sea;

And rolling slowly in,

Crept as repentant to my very side.



And there they breathed their sorrow to mine  
ear

Upon that lonely shore:

They told me how their billows were to be  
As things forgotten in eternity,—

While I should ever live,  
That great and restless deep should be “no  
more.”

A Parable.

Within the palace of a king

A royal feast was spread,

And duke and lord sat round the board,

The sovereign at its head;

And sumptuous fare was lavished there,

Choice wine and whitest bread.

How came the wine so choice and pure,

How came the bread so white?

How came they there a royal fare

For king and lord and knight?

Because the hand that tilled the land

His work had done aright.

'Tis small things need the greatest care

The little seed we sow,

The young vines small need watching all,

That they may hardy grow;

That wine and bread on tables spread

Perfected work may show.

The Children's Fortress.

The tide has turned, the tide is coming in,  
The children's fortress down upon the beach  
Must be abandoned when the crested waves  
Its sandy walls shall reach.

All morning long they romped in ecstasy;  
O cruel waves, the children's play to spoil;  
O faithful waves, that warn us not to build  
Where tides may mock our toil.

A Snow Legend.

O ye clouds, that float above me,  
O ye winds, that round me blow,  
Can ye tell me from what quarter  
Comes the driving snow?

“From the north, inquiring maiden,  
Where an old man, stooping low  
By his grate, mourns o’er the ashes,”  
Said the winds that blow.

“For the snow-flakes are the ashes  
Of the summer’s glow.

“See him as he stoops and shivers,  
Rubs his wrinkled hands and sighs—  
‘Just one ember left a-glowing,  
And that ember dies;  
Come back, summer, come and warm me;  
I am cold,’ he cries.

“Then he catches up the bellows,  
Tries to make the embers glow;  
Only sets the ashes whirling,  
Dancing high and low:  
And the ashes of the summer  
Are the flakes of snow.”

Oh, Oh, To Be a Butterfly.

“Oh, oh, to be a butterfly,”

I hear you sigh,

And I reply

You would not sing

Of such a thing

If you were always on the wing.

Sometimes to be a butterfly

And soar on high

I'll not deny

Is very good,

When field and wood

Are bright with flowers that offer food.

But oh, to be a butterfly

When storms are nigh,

And flowers die!

Then I would be

A maid like thee,

With some dear home to shelter me.

## How the Pines Grow.

For many and many a day  
The pines heard the strong wind sighing,  
Moaning and crying—

“Over the hills and away  
Is a place I am knowing  
Where nothing is growing.”

“No grass?” cried the pines in distress,

“No grand forest trees?”

“None of these,”

Sobbed the wind; “barrenness

Rules the place I am knowing,

For *nothing* is growing.”

“Take our seed,” said the pines in dismay,

“Quick, let them be planted

Where most they are wanted—

Over the hills and away

In that land thou art knowing  
Where nothing is growing.”

Then fast went the seed-laden breeze  
To that desolate land,  
And there in the sand  
It planted the gift of the trees.  
And now for that sowing  
Sweet pine groves are growing.



A Winter's Thought.

This snow imprisons me; my foolish feet  
Refuse to wander on these slippery ways,  
And I am prone to sigh for summer days:  
But when I hear the children on our street  
Shouting with laughter in their winter's  
glee,  
My soul is glad that not alone for me  
Were all things made, else might the chil-  
dren lose  
Half their year's joy if it were mine to  
choose.

A Legend of the Evergreens.

The fir and the spruce and the pine  
And the wind held speech together;  
And they talked of the loss that would come  
to man

With the coming of winter weather:  
And the wind bemoaned that the forest trees  
Were giving their robes to each beggar breeze.

"It will never do," said the pine,  
And the fir repeated "never."  
"For the heart of man would grow dismayed  
If winter storms should ever  
Be robbing the earth of all her green,  
And let bare branches alone be seen."

Then far on the hillside bleak  
These trees made pledge together,—

That notwithstanding the storms and cold  
Of winter's icy weather,  
They would wave their green over field and  
fen,  
For the beauty of earth and the joy of men.

May's Legacy.

Oh, April was a sorry child,  
And wept so frequently,  
I could but ask her what the cause  
Of all her grief might be.

"I've buds about me here," she said,  
"Just coming into bloom,  
And giving out for love of me  
A delicate perfume.

"I've waked the trees, and roused the grass,  
And taught all things to grow;  
Unbound the brook that winter froze,  
And made it laughing flow.

"And now word comes that I must leave,  
And who will care for these?  
Oh, who will make my buds to bloom,  
And robe my waiting trees?"

I said, "Sweet May will do all this  
When you have gone away."  
Then April broke into a smile,  
And left her buds to May.

Christmas Hymn.

He has come, our Saviour Jesus;  
'Tis His birthday we proclaim.  
Hark, oh hark, angelic voices  
Sing the praises of His name.  
He has come, oh wondrous story,  
To be born in Bethlehem:  
Come to be the children's Saviour,  
Come to live and die for them.  
He has come from scenes of glory,  
From the realms of endless day,  
Where the angels bow adoring  
As they chant the heavenly lay.  
He has come, His goodness bringing  
From yon pure and holy place  
Richest blessings to the children—  
Wondrous love and matchless grace.

He has come, but on His birthday  
Shall He gifts of mercy bring,  
And the children whom He blesses  
Offer nothing to their King?  
'Tis His birthday; we will give Him  
For His presents hearts of love;  
All our love and all our service  
Will we give our King above.

## A Christmas Carol.

All ye who sit at meagre boards,  
With little fare on Christmas morn,  
Ye have a cause for joy of heart,  
For in God's bounties ye have part  
If ye believe in Christ the Lord  
Who was today a Saviour born.

All ye who sorrow and are sad  
Because of death on Christmas morn,  
Ye have a cause for joy of heart,  
In God's re-unions ye have part  
If ye believe on Christ the Lord  
Who was today a Saviour born.

All ye enriched with earthly store,  
Who joy for joy on Christmas morn,  
Ye should have added joy of heart  
Since in God's blessings ye have part



If ye believe in Christ the Lord  
Who was today a Saviour born.  
Not all are rich, not all are poor,  
Not all have sorrow Christmas morn;  
But all have cause for joy of heart,  
For in God's mercies all have part  
Who do believe that Christ the Lord  
Was for their sin a Saviour born.

Didst Thou Consider?

O Lord, when Thou didst choose my path  
for me,

Didst Thou consider all the care and strife  
That would surround my way—how daily  
life

Would be a burden with perplexity?

And didst Thou know by nature I would be  
A timid soul, and much inclined to fear?

O Lord, when Thou didst set my portion  
here

Did all these homely matters come to Thee?

“Yea, ere I chose the limit for thy feet

I thought on all the sorrow and the strife,  
And the perplexities of daily life;

I pondered well the troubles thou must meet.

And then I said, With promise of My power  
This child can meet such things at any hour.”

The Divine Man.

In a little ship at night  
Gliding o'er the sea,  
Christ as man lay down and slept,  
Worn as man may be.

But when sudden tempest rose,  
Causing wild alarm,  
Christ as God commanded "Peace,"  
And the sea grew calm.

Christ beside the silent tomb  
Wept as man doth weep;  
Then as only God can do,  
Waked the dead from sleep.

As a man, a man condemned,  
Christ in sorrow dies;  
Then as God to dying thief  
Opens Paradise.

At His Gates.

God of the greening field and budding tree,  
Who doth delight in making earth so fair,  
Grant in my soul Thy spring-like touch may  
be,

Awakening all Thy heavenly beauties there.

God of luxuriant growth and gladsome days,  
When Thou to plenty hast approval set,  
Grant that my soul, enriched by Thee always,  
May know whence bounty comes, may not  
forget.

God of the falling leaf and fading flower,  
Whose garnered grain foretells a spring to  
be,  
Grant that my soul, when facing death's sad  
hour,  
May trust Thy promise for eternity.

God of the winter storms, fierce winds and  
sleet,

When desolations sweep across my soul,  
Grant that my faith, a-tremble at Thy feet,  
May catch some grander view of Thy con-  
trol.

### Grief Conquered.

I will forestall the grief that years may bring.

Within my room alone, on bended knee,

I will beseech that when grief comes to me  
God's comforts come as well to heal the sting.

Come joys divine when earthly joys take wing:

And when my loved ones die to me be given

Some clearer evidence of God's dear heaven,

Filling my soul with peace and comforting.

So grief shall find me armed, and as a foe

Yields to a warrior stronger far than he,

Grief shall present a flag of truce to me,

And own itself my vassal, bending low.

While I the victor shall have gained from grief

A deeper knowledge of divine relief.

### A Monday Prayer.

Back to the shop, the factory, and the mill

Thy workers go, O Lord; and it may be

That some have sorrows pressing heavily,

And some are burdened with foreboding ill;

And some, unmindful of Thy holy will,

Gained not the rest provided yesterday.

And into sin some feet have gone astray,

And some hold labor in derision still.

Grant, therefore, Lord, that as we buyers go

Through factory or store or busy street,

With thoughtful words these laborers we

may greet,—

Mindful of grace for sin, of balm for woe:

Helping in kindness sluggard souls to see

The worth of labor and the dignity.

Hast Thou a Sorrow?

“Hast thou a sorrow?” said the tempter bold,

“It shows thy Father hath forgotten thee.

Renounce thy faith, thy trust in Him withhold,—

Could one who loves afflict so grievously?”

“Hast thou a sorrow?” faith speaks to my soul,

“It shows thy Father seeks thy betterment;

Ask Him to so direct it and control,

That thou shalt gain the blessing with it sent.”



That Midnight Friend.

What unpropitious hour for suppliant to  
wend

His way through silent streets to find a mid-  
night friend.

What obstacles to face! The friend he seeks  
at rest,

His own improvidence, and that unlooked-for  
guest.

How things against him seem; yet need doth  
urge his feet

To hasten for a loan of bread along that lonely  
street.

What glad surprise, what cheer, what bounty  
lies ahead!

That friend awakes and doth bestow all that he  
needs of bread.

O soul, take courage, thou no hindrance  
worse shalt face

Than faced this man when he set out to im-  
portune for grace.

The very things that seemed against his prayer  
to be

They added force to his request, and value to  
his plea.

Then press thy need, and if in darkest hour  
thou wend

Thy way to Him thou wilt indeed find Christ  
thy Midnight Friend.

(Luke 11:5-8)

The Tide.

God's ships of treasure sail upon the sea  
Of boundless love, of mercy infinite;  
To change their course, retard their onward  
way

Nor wind nor wave hath might.

Prayer is the tide for which those vessels  
wait

Ere they can come to port; and if it be  
The tide is low, then how canst thou expect  
The treasure ships to see?

### The Banner-Bearer.

From bloody field, when day's long fight is  
done,

And bitter strife a glorious peace hath won,  
There comes a soldier at the set of sun.

What marks of conflict! All the bright array  
Wherewith he girt himself at start of day  
Now tattered is, and telleth of the fray.

And he himself is weak and bruised and worn,  
Yet in his hands, that cruel shots have torn,  
The banner of his regiment is borne.

So do I think that I shall reach the throne,  
With all the grace of early deckings gone,—  
The armor broken that might else have shone.

But to my Captain on that last great day,  
God grant that it may be my joy to say—  
“Lord, I have kept the faith through all the  
fray.”

(2 Tim. 4: 7)

### If I Should Write.

If I should simply write the one word "God"  
To those who in the Home\* lie sick and sore;  
If I should write but that and nothing more,  
Yet would they tell through all the rooms  
abroad

What a sweet letter, what a cheering word  
My pen had written; so devout are they—  
Those pilgrims who have fallen by the way,  
Yet lie with gaze turned up to His abode.

But when I add "God loves," with joy how  
great  
They read the letter, passing it along  
From room to room till other hearts are  
strong

With confidence in Him on Whom they wait.

And when I add the whole—"God loveth  
you"—

Their hearts rejoice as though the theme  
were new.

\* The Philadelphia Home for Incurables.

### The Place Prepared.

When evening falls, and by the mother led  
The little child reluctant leaves his play,  
Not downward doth he take his sleepy way,  
Nor in the outer darkness find his bed.

But step by step the little weary feet  
Are guided upward till they reach the room  
Whence loving thought has banished all the  
gloom,

And loving care hath made the chamber sweet.

So when our Father calls us to our rest,  
It is not downward into shades of night,  
But upward, step by step toward the light;  
Until at last our faltering feet shall come  
Into that upper chamber of our home,  
Where is a "place prepared" for us and blest.

(John 14:2)

My Garden Must Be Beautiful.

My garden must be beautiful;

For when the shadows play  
In length'ning shapes along the wall,  
And comes the cool of day,  
Perchance my Lord might come to see  
The place where roses bloom for me.

And if He asked to come within

This house of mine to rest,  
How fair and sweet the rooms should be  
For such a wondrous Guest!

'Twere better far to keep them so,  
Lest He might come before I know.

And if He stayed for friendly speech

As fell the light of day,  
How should I know to talk with Him,  
Or holy things to say,  
Unless my soul acquainted be  
With some of heaven's mystery?



### The Searcher.

I read of one who walked among the cots  
Of wounded men behind the battle-line,  
Seeking "the missing" with a patient quest—  
Plying his questions with a grace most  
fine.

And in that Red Cross ward full many a clue  
Among the wounded of "the lost" he  
found;

This man and that directing how to search  
For fallen comrades out on "No Man's  
Ground."

I read, and thought; the vision changed, I  
saw

Another warfare, waged at greater cost;  
Another Searcher, asking constantly—  
"What of thy soul, thy comrade, found?—  
or lost?"

### Achievement.

His great desire was to paint most true  
His Master's portrait; fairer far than he  
Had seen as yet portrayed, with majesty  
In every line and much of sweetness, too.  
And on the canvas stretched the artist drew  
The outlined Face,—no more, for suddenly  
Canvas and brush and palette had to be  
Put by for needed work his hands must do.  
So wrought the years; still on the canvas  
stood  
Those outlined Features, never added  
touch;  
His busy hands too busy were for such;  
Then feebleness laid low, and death ensued:  
And by his couch one said with tender grace,  
“I never looked on a more Christ-like face.”

[A tribute to my father, John R. Whitney.]







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